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## A TEACHER'S VIEW OF SCHOOL NURSING

THERE was once a busy teacher in whose domain a school nurse was installed. This nurse entered her field with ambitions for a big showing. She announced her mission by presenting the teacher with a pack of cards, representing all the colors of the rainbow, and explained elaborately how they were to be passed from teacher to medical inspector, from medical inspector to nurse, from nurse to parent or guardian, then back again from parent to doctor, doctor to nurse, etc. The teacher was to see that the endless chain was kept unbroken. Each transfer was to be indicated by a change in the color of the card.

"But," asked the simple minded teacher, who had always resorted to home remedies and knew nothing of the science or ethics of medicine, "where does the child come in?"

"The *case* must be properly reported and these cards filled out before we can look at *it*," was the professional reply.

"Oh, then, what shall be done with this little boy who is crying with a sore throat? I have written to his mother to take him to Dr. —; he has an office in that neighborhood and is very kind to the poor. I also gave him a small bottle of peroxide, telling his mother to dilute it with water and have him gargle his throat well. Of course I do not wish to prescribe or take any undue authority, but I know the peroxide won't hurt him, and his mother will have to take home a washing before she has any money to buy medicine for him."

"Well," said the nurse, "it would not be professional etiquette for me to look at the child's throat, but I will give him this pea green card for him to present at our clinic Friday" (this was Wednesday). "Now you fill out this olive green card in a similar way and send it to his mother."

"Suppose," said the teacher, whose class was waiting for her all this time, "I should get the cards mixed, would that affect poor little Solomon's throat?"

"Any others?"

"Yes, this little boy's eyes look red, and we've been washing them with a mild solution of boracic acid. Would you show us how to do it?"

"I have no authority to touch the child, but give him this yellow card to Dr. Brown's clinic." The teacher mildly suggested that the little fellow lived at the Orphans' Home, which had its own physician, whereupon the card was quickly changed for one of another hue.